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ANOTHER YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The vines I planted did not grow—
I saw them in my dreams in fair completeness.
Make Heaven throughout my loneliness room,
In whispering snowy sweetnesse.
They tried awhile their languid life to raise,
As though in answer to my coaxing touch,
And then, like hearts whom we love evermuch,
And twine about with all our hopes and praise,
They drooped and faded from the teeming earth,
Unknowning all the joy of coming days.
I fear their roots are dead, their leaves are rare—
And yet they may bloom forth another year.

Another year may warm the heart
That only throb for self, all cold, unfeader;
The wild way meet some valley sweet,
Glowing in sunset splendor.
Another year, in you silent land
My mountains in their purple glory rise,
And older dreams thrill 'neath the yarning skies;
I know that though long exiled I shall stand
Among my own once more, and hear their songs
Swell into glorious anthems sweetly grand,
Bend thou, O glorious Presence! ever near,
And bid me still hope on another year.

MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,
AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RAQUEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

When Lasley hurried away from Paul Andrews he had gone to the first livery stable he could remember and ordered a carriage. Before he had time to ask himself what his own intentions were, he was being driven up the crowded road on the track of Leonie Dornier.

When he could think he began to question himself, and there rose the biting thought—of what use was it to follow her? She had gone to meet this man of her own accord—what had he, Mark Lasley, to do there? She had known this fellow during that portion of her life of which she never spoke—that long silence which she had kept unbroken even to her nearest relatives—what had he to do coming between them?

Mark asked himself that and cursed his own folly anew. What an utter idiot he was! He was nothing to this woman any more than the hosts of city butterflies that had scorched their wings in the fire of her eyes during the past winter—she only made a mock of his suffering and his love. Her real feelings—the secrets of her actual life were shared with this miserable wretch, this gambler, at whose bidding she went boldly forth to a place where no respectable woman had any right to set foot unless protected by the presence of a husband or brother.

Oh, he was worse than mad—he was a fool—a blind idiot! He would go back; he would not add to his drivelling imbecility by carrying it farther. He raised himself in the seat to order the coachman to return, but before the words passed his lips another revulsion of feeling passed over him, and he sank back among the cushions and allowed the horses to dash on.

At least he would see her; the sight of her in that man's presence might give him strength to cast her out of his heart forever and rid him of the burden of anguish he had carried so long. Yes, he would see her—confront her before this villain, and then put such leashes of sex and tend between her and him that no after weakness could leave him within the spell of her influence.

But the very violence of his anger caused it to pass quickly; softer feelings came back—the old reflection that so often had made him pause on the verge of quitting her forever. If he wronged her, after all; if by some fatal chance for which she could not be blamed, this man had acquired a certain power over her. If there had been some misconception on her dead father's part—some disgraceful history connected with her lost husband, which she sought to make secret by gold. Then he could help her—she might own the truth at such a moment and be ready to trust him—to accept his aid. He must go on! Yes, that was it—she was in trouble and needed his presence. Why had he not settled down upon that conviction at once—how could he have been so cruel and finishish as to doubt her for an instant, when by patience and kindness he might have learned the whole? Now the wheels seemed scarcely to move and he was wild to reach the spot. The respectable servant at the hotel told him that Mr. Yates and the lady were out in the grove, and he hurried through the fields and up the hill, catching sight of the pair through the trees, so fren-

sied by the despair in Leonie's face that he uttered the cry which started them.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed.
"Mrs. Dornier, has this man dared to annoy you?"

Yates had stepped back a little and stood looking at Lasley with a murderous smile. Leonie saw his right hand move toward his breast and conceal itself beneath his coat; she knew his nature and the lawless habits of the land where he had dwelt so long too thoroughly not to understand what the gesture portended. There was no time for terror if she meant to save Lasley's life. She stepped quickly between them, and with her marvellous power of self-restraint forced her voice to be calm and natural, as she said—

"There is nothing the matter, Mr. Lasley; I will join you at the hotel presently."

"Come now," he replied. "This is no place for you—come now."

Yates laughed aloud, but did not move—only Leonie saw the hand hidden in his bosom stir slightly and stepped closer toward him.

"Who are you?" continued Lasley, turning fiercely upon the man. "By what right do you address this lady?"

Yates regarded him fixedly with the same terrible smile.

"I might more appropriately ask by what right you interrupt a quiet interview between this lady and myself," he answered.

"Not one word of insolence!" cried Mark, fairly beside himself now. "Come, Mrs. Dornier—if this fellow attempts to annoy you further, let him understand it is I with whom he will have to deal."

"There's no time like the present," replied Yates, laughing again. His hand began to be withdrawn from his breast, but Leonie laid hers firmly upon it.

"Please to go away, Mr. Lasley," she said slowly; "I wish to speak to this gentleman."

"Not here," returned Lasley; "not now."

"Here and now," said Leonie, checking further remonstrance with an impious gesture.

"Didn't you hear the lady? Mrs. Dornier has dismissed you," added Yates with mocking emphasis.

Leonie saw the fury in Lasley's eyes; he made a step forward; she knew that in another instant she should be powerless to prevent a mortal struggle between the two men, even if Lasley escaped the weapon which was clutched tightly in Yates's hidden hand.

"Have the goodness to go away, Mr. Lasley," she repeated; "I will join you presently as I said."

"I implore you," he began, but she interrupted him.

"You are somewhat dull of understanding—sir—must I speak more clearly?"

"Evidently," sneered Yates. "Mr. Lasley can't believe his ears when they tell him that he is banished—by who?"

Lasley did not notice him—did not hear his words; his whole soul was in the gaze he fastened upon Leonie's face.

"I desire you to go at once; you will hardly compel me to withdraw in order to be free from you," she said.

It was her coolest, most insulting voice; she knew the effect it always had upon him and she did not miscalculate its influence.

Without another word he turned on his heel and strode away down the hill, casting one glance of bitter scorn upon her as he passed which seemed to blind her very sight.

For full twenty minutes the pair stood there in eager conversation; finally Yates started off with some last menacing words to which she answered only—

"Come near me again, and it is I who will speak; I swear it, and you know I shall not break my word."

He stopped and muttered something in which she caught Lasley's name—but even that did not make her quail; she saw that she had overawed the ruffian by her determination, and she would not lose her advantage.

"Remember," she called, "make any quarrel with this man or another on my account, and I take the matter into my own hands—I will appeal to the law."

He passed on, but she watched him and saw that he took a path which led down to the village below the inn—he was not going back to the house. He was gone—and left to herself, Leonie sank down upon a mossy rock, so weak and faint, that for a long time she could not stir. She realised what had come upon her—she had made her choice—open battle in the sight of the whole world—but she did not shrink. She cared nothing now for the publicity she had struggled so hard to avoid; the world was nothing to her save as it held the man she loved, and he was already lost to her forever.

She raised her white, desolate face toward Heaven as if silently appealing for strength; let it fall upon her hands, and sat patient and still. The worst had come—as well be quiet she had reached the end.

At length she rose, and walked slowly along the summit of the hill through the faded sunset, with that specious calmness which comes from despair and physical exhaustion. As she reached a denser part of the wood, she came upon Mark Lasley lying at the foot of a group of pine trees. He got up as she approached, and stood looking at her with a face as pallid as her own.

She did not speak; her eyes did not fall beneath his gaze—those mournful, blurred eyes which neither asked nor expected pity now.

She was silent; for his sake she would have done it if she could; if he despised her



TENT IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The tent of the Turkoman in central Asia is very neat, and quite suitable to the life led by these wandering people. We give an illustration in three forms: 1st, the framework cut in wood; 2d, the same when covered with pieces of felt; 3d, its interior. With the exception of the wood-work, all its parts are made by the Turkoman woman, who busies herself with its construction and putting together its various parts. The tent of the rich and the poor are distinguished by their being put up with a greater or less pomp inside. There are only two sorts: 1. Karsay, or Black Tent, that is, the tent which has grown brown or black

from age; 2, Akoy, or White Tent, that is, one covered in the interior with felt of snowy whiteness: it is erected for newly-married couples, or for guests to whom they wish to pay particular honor. Cool in summer and warm in winter, what a blessing is its shelter when the wild hurricane rages in all directions around the almost boundless plains!

A stranger is often fainful lest the elements should rend into a thousand pieces so frail an abode, but the Turkoman has no such fear; he makes the cords fast and sleeps sweetly, for the howling of the storm sounds in his ear like the song that lulls the infant in his cradle!

in every way, there would be some hope of curing himself of a passion that he deemed unworthy, but her parched lips would not utter the lie.

"Improach me," he exclaimed, softened by her inability to speak; "speak bitterly to me—tell me how mean I am, not to trust you against appearances—everything."

"No man should thus trust a woman," she replied.

"Not if he loves her—not if something in her heart tells him she is true?"

"No," she said, in a hard tone.

"I have heard you speak so differently!"

"Yes; when I talk poetry, or for effect."

He walked away from her—came hastily back; she stood there motionless, looking straight before her with her glazed eyes.

"Be angry with me," he pleaded. "Reproach me for having doubted you, for having dared to harbor a single harsh thought."

This tenderness in his voice smote her heart through all that dreadful apathy which was like the sluggishness of death. Her lips quivered for an instant, her eyes looked misty—but no tears fell.

"This man is nothing to you, Leonie; there is some secret which is not your own, that has been forced upon you! Confide in me—let me help you."

"You cannot."

"Tell me why? I know you could explain—I will believe it! You have been afraid—afraid for me, if you will, lost some harm should come to me; oh, tell me anything, and I will believe it."

"I might tell you a lie," she replied slowly; "but I'll not tell any more. I have no explanation to give."

"And are we to part here?" he asked.

"I suppose so—yes! What else is left?"

"Oh, my God, Leonie, don't drive me mad! Do you know what you say—what you are doing?"

"Yes, I know! There is nothing else to do."

"There must be! You at least want help; you must tell me—you must trust me. Don't you know that I love you with my whole heart and soul—with a love that changes my whole nature—that there is nothing I would not do?"

Deep in her soul there was a brief struggle,

even while she knew its uselessness; a great longing to confide in him. But if his love could make him believe her truth, of what avail could his assistance be—and if aid had been possible, how could she face the ridicule and disgrace upon him? But something worse than shame stood near if she yielded to the last moon of her breaking heart—danger! She knew that Yates would wrong himself upon any man whom he was once convinced she loved—his life would pay the forfeit; there was no crime too horrible—no murder too foul for that wretch to shrink from it.

He must leave her; she must send him away; she must see him go, conscious that she lost the last friend in whose companionship she could have found any consolation—but it was for his life—his life!

"I want no help," she said.

"Then I'll find that man and make him speak," he cried.

He was rushing away with a mad thought in his disordered mind of robbing this stranger and ending his part in the mystery by some bloody encounter, but the unutterable, imploring look of agony in Leonie's face checked him. As first she could not speak; then her voice came faint and falteringly.

"You have been my friend—I am not appealing to your love—I ask you by that friendship not to interfere—not to see him even. It is all I ask—all I expect! Will you think of me, promise me this—for my soul's sake, promise it!"

"For your sake or my own?" he asked.

"For mine," she answered; "whole for mine."

"Through fear that I may learn more of you than I know already?" continued he.

Even yet he was hoping to sting her into some acknowledgment that she cared for his safety; seeking any loophole that might leave him faith in her—but she understood that.

"Yes," she replied; "you know enough now to despise me—are you not content?"

The solid earth rocked under her feet—the great trees seemed toppling—the world was slipping from her—no after pain could ever equal this utterance of her self-torment; but all the while she cried to her heart—for his safety—his life!

"I shall trouble you no farther—have no fear for yourself or that man—I am indeed an outcast!"

"Go, then—go!"

With another incoherent burst of passion and grief he fled away, and Leonie Dornier sank once more on the ground and lifted her white face to the twilight heavens.

"It's all over," she muttered; "all over now. I can't even die—I thought this would kill me—but I can't die. Only I've nothing more to dread—but the world knew. The sooner I am flung down and tramped on the better—I have nothing more to fear! Oh, my God, somewhere, somewhere—hereafter at least, there must be rest—help thou mine unbelief!"

CHAPTER XXV.

August had come; the sky wore its golden hue; the hills grew softer and more beautiful, and the quiet of the season in a certain way soothed Millie's unrest.

About that time Mrs. Graham was seized with a violent rheumatic fever, from the effects of a drenching which would have upset the stoutest hydrostatic that ever shivered under a bath of ice water in December, and very ill she was. Never was illness more fortunate than that of Mrs. Graham in one respect—I mean in the effect it had upon our faulty Millie. She began with the intention of being a martyr; she took the entire charge of the sick room; she watched day and night, and before Aunt Eliza left her bed, Millie was doing her duty from far different motives than those which actuated her in the outset.

Sitting in that darkened chamber with death sometimes looking nearer than it is agreeable to have come, Millie had ample time for thought, and was forced to regard her conduct and her suffering in their true light. The hardness and bitterness were out of her soul, and the discipline to which she was obliged to submit herself did her a world of good. At first Millie had not much leisure to reflect, her aunt was so ill, so peevish and exacting, as the most patient people are when suffering from that dreadful malady, and Millie had to exert all her energies in the task devolving upon her. But when the sick woman ceased to endure such constant pain and could sleep a good deal both by night and day, then in her silent watches came Millie's time for thought which she could not drive away or turn a shade from its proper hue.

She was able to see at last that she had poorly deserved the short-lived happiness which had been vouchsafed her; able to understand that her undisciplined nature had not been capable of any real and enduring content. She could see, too, how suffering might work good to mind and heart, instead of embittering the whole nature, as she had allowed it to do here, so that, long continued, her cynical speeches and want of faith would have made her insupportable to all with whom she came in contact.

At last Mrs. Graham could sit up, could allow the children in the room and call up a portion of her old energy. Her former tenderness for Millie revived—she was as like the dead sister whom she had loved. Of course Mrs. Graham was often peevish and unreasoning, and Millie had many relapses into her old mental distempers, but she had

character enough to struggle on now that she was at last able to see the light. Her very sorrow grew different; she suffered and her poor young heart ached wretchedly, but she began to see that because one hope had failed she had no right to declare that the whole world was barren. Naturally, she rather went to the other extreme for a time, and was overstrung with honest!—it is so difficult to preserve a happy medium in dealing with one's own peculiarities.

Milly found time for a long walk each day; Mrs. Graham saw how much she enjoyed it and would not permit her to forego the gratification, and the solitary ramble did Milly lasting good. She saw and felt the beautiful as she had never before done; every change in the soft skies, every new aspect of loveliness was caught by her, and she looked out toward the glorious blue hills with a growing serenity very unlike the wicked impatience of the past months.

I am not trying to transform her into a heroine or an angel—she was very human still and very full of faults, but she was making a conscientious effort to do right, and people are helped when they do that. It was difficult to be patient with trifles when she was solacing her mind by dreams of great sacrifices; for pin-pricks suffered any length of time are infinitely worse than one deep thrust from a dagger. The children would be careless about their lessons; Aunt Eliza would moan when her tea had too much or too little sugar in it; the kitchen staff would be stupid and provoking, and as many days were spoiled completely as ever an acolyte ruined while acquiring the sacred mysteries of the culinary art. But Milly persevered; sometimes, just when she thought herself advancing promisingly, she would slip back, hurt herself severely, and have to lie on the thorns and cry, but she always picked herself up and trudged gallantly on—gradually learning life's lessons—going slowly but surely on toward the light.

One day in particular, Mrs. Graham had been extremely cross, as you or I would have been with a shoulder that cracked like a rusty door hinge when we tried to use it, and a tip hammer beating furiously in the left temple. The servants had to be sent in order, and the children wanted twenty things at once, and each of the twenty was something they had no business to require, and they all the more clamorous on that account. But Milly bore it splendidly—saved herself each time she was slipping, and held fast to her patience.

When quiet was restored, Aunt Eliza's shoulder comfortable, and her head induced to cease its trip-hammer performance under the influence of Milly's skillful manipulations, Mrs. Graham lay and looked at her for a long while in silence.

"Milly," she said at length, "you are not like the same girl."

Milly seized the thread of her aunt's reflections and smiled.

"I hope not," she answered; "there was need of a change."

"I never saw a better nurse! Oh, Milly, you have been your mother over again since I was ill."

Milly did not burst into tears like a sensitive young creature in a book, or throw herself on her knees before her aunt with a pouting and long-winded burst of thankfulness; she had the dread of scenes common to most people in real life. She went on with her work, and tried to make her voice preserve its usual tone as she said,

"Then you must love me once more, for her sake."

"I always have loved you, even when I was the most angry," Mrs. Graham replied.

"I know I was cross; I can see where I was wrong; but I loved you as well as one of my own children all the time—I want you to believe that."

"I do believe it, aunt, and it makes me happy," Milly said. "I have been a very foolish, ungrateful girl in many things—others I have been unfortunate—"

"Yes, Milly," her aunt interrupted softly;

"and I ought to have recollected that."

"I want you to try and forgive my faults," Milly went on, "and I will try to forget my little troubles, and we shall do very well."

Mrs. Graham could not help thinking what good fortune Milly deserved now, and her thoughts reverted to the hopes of the past.

"Oh, Milly," she exclaimed, "if only things had not ended as they did."

"Don't, aunt, please," returned Milly in a low voice. "I don't want to talk or think of what is gone by—it let it be a sealed book between us—it will be better every way."

Mrs. Graham was silent for some time; she was watching Milly's changed, womanly face, out of which the weariness and discontent had faded; she was forlorn, more keenly than she had often allowed herself in her worldliness to feel, that there was more in life for the young than dress and gayety, more than the mere hope of wealth and station. Then, too, she began to think that Milly might get over her trouble in time, that she might find a new object to love, and all the happiness and good fortune come which Mrs. Graham wished for her.

"Milly," she said, "we will go away from here before long. My stocks are coming up again, and I shall be able to realize a sum that will make us very comfortable, and we'll have a pleasant winter."

"I am perfectly comfortable here, I give you my word."

"But you can't go on living in this way;

I don't wish to turn you into a governess or a seamstress—it's not natural for a girl to live like a hermit in a cave."

Milly laughed more like her old self than she had done in a long, long time.

"But, aunt, this house is not a bit like a cave, and I like to sew. I have learned to like teaching the children too; I think I am bringing them on quite well now; don't you?"

"Indeed you are; much better than that stupid Miss Lane ever could or would, but you are young, you must have pleasures suitable—society."

Milly shuddered to recall her brief career; it had been very delightful—but oh, the black, dreadful end! She could not care for the world now because there was no greater lack of its charms—they would be sadly hollow and bleak to her, lacking that. How could she sit for crowds when she could no longer go among them to watch for one dear face; how could she join in the old dances, remembering the time when a beloved arm had guided her through; sit and listen to the familiar songs and plays when there was no one treasured friend to whom she could turn for sympathy and appreciation.

"I want a quiet life, aunt," she said.

"You gave me my butterfly lesson and I sold my wings dreadfully, and flew in the very face of the wind. It would not be just to Maud, or to the others who will soon take her place, for me to wear out the last of my

youth in amusement, and put you to an expense which ought to be reserved for them."

"And Mrs. Graham thought what a dear, wise girl she had grown; indeed, she could not permit her, with her heightened beauty and her new mortal attractions, to sink into a mere household drudge for the sake of her other charges."

"But, Milly," she began, "you may marry."

"Aunt, don't talk about that—I shall never marry. I don't mean to be foolish or romantic, but I know, I know that I couldn't love any man—again."

"Now, my dear—"

"She cheered Mrs. Graham by a little sign when she would have despaired, and went on.

"Aunt, I feel as you did after uncle George died—don't make me say anything more. I have buried my love—I could not build a new palace on its grave. I don't want to talk about these matters, or to think of them more than I can help, but it is better that we should understand each other thoroughly."

Mrs. Graham was silent, but in that moment she acknowledged to herself the true force and womanliness of Milly's nature.

"You are not angry, aunt?"

"Angry? No; but it pains me to think of your living solitary and unhappy, when you would know so well how to use happiness."

"I have it, aunt, at least I am not unhappy, and the rest will come in time."

"Yes, yes; we will trust to time," said Mrs. Graham.

Milly smiled, comprehending what was in her thoughts, but not caring to pursue the subject.

After that conversation the understanding between the two was perfect, and as Mrs. Graham's health improved, the time passed so pleasantly that the restless, active woman quite enjoyed her period of convalescence; she was sometimes a little anxious about Maud, but she hoped for the best, and turned to Adelaide's letters that everything was going as well with the young lady as if she had been there to watch; and with each day Milly's companionship grew dearer to her, and Milly's example made its effect upon her habits and range of thought.

They were one morning expecting letters from the girls, and the postmaster had neglected to send them over by his boy, according to promise, an agreement which Milly had effected by much management and judicious inducements to the youth in the way of expences for sugar-plum buying.

Mrs. Graham felt confident there were letters at the office, and Milly was busy by an odd restlessness as if she were expecting news of some sort herself, though she knew there was none to come; so when the early country dinner hour passed, and the afternoon were on, and no small boy appeared, Milly started for the village herself.

"Poor Mrs. Wallace," the girl said; "and I have hardly thought of her all summer—how wicked I feel now."

"My dear, she was so much older than you."

"She did not forget her words—she said she should do this."

"What—what do you mean?"

Milly had to explain about the visit she had received from her the previous spring, and Mrs. Graham said—

"Poor dear little woman—well, I am glad I had already forgiven her, and was sorry I scolded her so."

"She was not to blame."

"It's all over any way! Dead and left you all that money! And that silly Maud never to mention her death, though it seems she died at Newport."

She picked up the letter again and found a half page separate from the rest which she had overlooked, and there, edged in between a description of Adelaide's new croquet dress and an account of a yachting party, was the mention—

"Oh, I forgot to tell you Mrs. Wallace is dead—cyclopædias or something—Addie and I did not go to the funeral for fear of infection; besides, that day we had a grand croquet match."

Mrs. Graham threw down the page in disgust.

They had to go back to the lawyer's letter to read over such brief information as it contained, but Milly could not think about her good fortune then; she could only remember how very, very kind the dead woman had been, and marvel how she could have been so long hard and unbelieving.

Mrs. Graham did not jar upon her thoughts by any worldly calculation at the time; indeed for two or three days, while waiting for more details promised by the man of business, they could only dwell upon Mrs. Wallace's invariable kindness and recall all the good acts they had ever known of her, and Mrs. Graham was glad to say over and over—

"Poor Jane, I am so glad I forgave her! We were old school friends and I never crossed her but that once."

It would be preposterous to say that Milly felt any poignant sorrow for a person whom she had only known as an old acquaintance of her aunt's, and it was right and natural that after those days of regret she should turn to her changed prospects, only not forgetting to be grateful in her new prosperity.

"I have not deserved it, aunt; oh, I have not."

"No one more," returned Mrs. Graham; "and you will use it wisely, I am sure."

"I will try," Milly said humbly; "and you must help me."

At night, after her aunt was in bed and asleep, Milly sat in her room thinking of all that had befallen her, and she could not combat the feeling of profound depression that crept over her mind.

What could wealth do for her now? It could not give back her lost youth—it could not restore the love gone from her, or warm into a second blossoming the hopes that clung here and dead about her heart.

Those were dark hours, but she was helped through them, and when morning came, she was again strong enough to remember that if this change in her life could not bring back its brightness, at least it might be a blessing to others in her hands.

Now Mrs. Graham began to hold long discussions with her, and if Milly had been her own daughter she could not have found her more ready to appropriate her fortune to the general good.

"You see, aunt," she said, "it just furthers my plan of living with you after the rest are gone. When the little ones are married, you and I will keep house by ourselves and grow old and comfortable together."

"Leonie Dormer is here," read Milly steadily. "The men are more crazy over her than ever—how she does dress and flirt—but Charley Wynde says she isn't very handsome now. She is very civil to me and I am to her, if it's only to punish Milly for her rudeness—Mrs. Dormer doesn't even speak of her, so she needsn't fancy she cares."

"Very confusing with her pronouns," said Mrs. Graham, vexed at her daughter's folly. "Here is Mr. Whiting's letter—it's only about those railroad bonds."

She took up the third epistle, glanced at the superscription, and turned the letter over to examine the monogram.

"I think," she said, "I should like to enlarge this house and always spend the summer here—we could make the place lovely."

"Oh, very easily and at a very moderate expense," said Mrs. Graham, who had a mind for building and altering things. "I think it's a capital idea, for I am attached to the old place too."

Milly laughed outright at her aunt sitting

there and perplexing her brains, as people love to do, over an unknown chirigraph.

"Suppose you open it," she suggested.

Mrs. Graham looked at it; then thought had not occurred to her, but after another instant's consideration, followed Milly's advice. She had to tear the envelope into half—out fell an inclosure. Mrs. Graham gleamed at it and exclaimed—

"Why, Milly! It's a letter for you."

Milly took it, wondering a little in her

turn, after the suspicion for which she had laughed at her aunt, till it was Mrs. Graham's turn to cry out—

"For money's sake, open it, you silly girl!" You'd never find out what it is by staring at the address," quite oblivious of her own staring and perplexity while she thought the episode intended for herself.

Milly opened the letter and began to read, then glanced up in astonishment, almost

fright.

"What is it, Milly?" exclaimed her aunt, still nervous enough from her illness to be easily alarmed. "There's no bad news, is there—nothing about the girls?"

Milly shook her head, finished the page, sat an instant pale and regardless of her aunt's continued inquiries, then just buried her head on the arm of the sofa and sobbed heartily.

"Milly, Milly, what is it?" cried Mrs. Graham, now absolutely frightened. "Is it bad news?"

"Such good news," sobbed Milly. "I don't deserve it—I don't deserve it! Only read, aunt."

Mrs. Graham snatched the epistle and devoured it in surprise, which changed to mingled feelings as she read. Mrs. Wallace had died suddenly, but on her death bed she remembered the vow she had made in regard to Milly. She had willed her all the property that was in her control, and this letter was from her lawyer to announce the fact and inform Milly that she was now the possessor of two hundred thousand dollars.

It would be difficult to tell what the pair did at first, they were so bewildered and upset, but before many moments they were weeping softly in each other's arms, and to Mrs. Graham's credit it is said that her first feelings were as full of pure, undivided gratitude as Milly's own.

"Poor Mrs. Wallace," the girl said; "and I have hardly thought of her all summer—how wicked I feel now."

"My dear, she was so much older than you."

"She did not forget her words—she said she should do this."

"What—what do you mean?"

Milly had to explain about the visit she had received from her the previous spring, and Mrs. Graham said—

"Poor dear little woman—well, I am glad I had already forgiven her, and was sorry I scolded her so."

"She was not to blame."

"It's all over any way! Dead and left you all that money! And that silly Maud never to mention her death, though it seems she died at Newport."

She picked up the letter again and found a half page separate from the rest which she had overlooked, and there, edged in between a description of Adelaide's new croquet dress and an account of a yachting party, was the mention—

"Oh, I forgot to tell you Mrs. Wallace is dead—cyclopædias or something—Addie and I did not go to the funeral for fear of infection; besides, that day we had a grand croquet match."

Mrs. Graham threw down the page in disgust.

They had to go back to the lawyer's letter to read over such brief information as it contained, but Milly could not think about her good fortune then; she could only remember how very, very kind the dead woman had been, and marvel how she could have been so long hard and unbelieving.

Mrs. Graham did not jar upon her thoughts by any worldly calculation at the time; indeed for two or three days, while waiting for more details promised by the man of business, they could only dwell upon Mrs. Wallace's invariable kindness and recall all the good acts they had ever known of her, and Mrs. Graham was glad to say over and over—

"Poor Jane, I am so glad I forgave her! We were old school friends and I never crossed her but that once."

It would be preposterous to say that Milly felt any poignant sorrow for a person whom she had only known as an old acquaintance of her aunt's, and it was right and natural that after those days of regret she should turn to her changed prospects, only not forgetting to be grateful in her new prosperity.

"I have not deserved it, aunt; oh, I have not."

"No one more," returned Mrs. Graham; "and you will use it wisely, I am sure."

"I will try," Milly said humbly; "and you must help me."

At night, after her aunt was in bed and asleep, Milly sat in her room thinking of all that had befallen her, and she could not combat the feeling of profound depression that

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS: The Philosophy of Worlds Studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A., F. R. A. S., author of "Saturn and its System," "Sun-views of the Earth," "Half-hour with the Telescope," etc. On many of the subjects dealt with in this work, the author has propounded views which differ from those usually accepted. But, as he himself says in the preface, "I have not done this from any love of novelty, nor from any desire to attract attention by bizarre or fanciful theories. Each of the new views here presented has been the result of a careful study of the subject dealt with, and I have searched as anxiously for considerations opposed to any novel theory as for arguments in its favor." Truth indeed seems to be the author's only object, and many new ideas may be gained from the book. The colored pictures of Jupiter and Saturn are beautiful. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE MONITIONS OF THE UNKNOWN, AND FORMS OF LOVE AND CHILDHOOD. By JEAN INGELOW. Author's Edition. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelfinger, Philada. A pretty little book, though many of the poems fall below Miss Ingelow's original standard.

LOST IN THE FOG. By JAMES DR MILLER, author of "The B. O. W. C." "The Boys of Grand Pre School," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is the third volume of the B. O. W. C. series, the two preceding numbers of which have been so popular. It seems to be, like the others, a most fascinating book for boys.

THE LAWS OF LIFE AND WOMAN'S HEALTH JOURNAL, for December. This comes out with a new title page and some very good articles inside. Published by Austin, Jackson & Co., Danvers, New York.

EVEN DAY. By the author of "Katherine Morris," "Striving and Gaining," etc. Published by Noyes, Hulme & Co., Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE DEAD SECRET, AND THE STOLEN MASK. Two Novels. By WILDER COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," "Man and Wife," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philada.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW for December. Published by Fowler & Wells, Philada.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR MATHEMATICAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL. Illustrated. The first volume of this annual presents a good appearance. The mathematical department contains articles and problems from the pens of several of the leading mathematicians of the country, and is edited by Mr. ARTHUR MARTIN, well known as one of the ablest contributors of problems to our "Bridgeman Column." All problems, solutions, and other mathematical matter for the next year's Almanac should be sent to his address, McKeon, Erie Co., Pa. Published by Daughaday & Becker, 1030 Walnut street, Philada. Price, post-paid, 25 cents.

OLD AND NEW, for December, contains "Wanted, A Statesman," by J. F. Clarke; "Athens and her Enemies"; "Tarry at Home Travel"; "The Holy Gospels"; "The Impostors and the Healer"; "The Last Week"; "Jefferson's Big Van Winkle"; "Sprawls"; "Ah Yink"; "Pink and White Tyranny"; "December"; "Natural and Religious Religion"; "Vintage"; "The Dying Gladiator"; "Forms," etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

GOOD WORDS, for December. American Reprint. Contains "Fernburn Court," "Lorraine and Alice," "Letters from the Tropics," and other articles. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC, for 1871. This Almanac contains, exclusive of the actual Astronomical Calculations, a great variety of Statistics, Chronological Tables, and useful matter. Published by A. Winch, No. 500 Chestnut street, Philada.

Muriaries Made Easy.

The recent manufacture of oxygen gas on a commercial scale, and the facility with which it can be compressed into cylinders, and transported from one place to another, has suggested its use for a purpose little anticipated. The thief in the night can place himself in front of a safe with his two cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, and, with an oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, can, in a few seconds, burn holes of any size in the hardest metal that was ever invented. The only safety is in keeping the burglar out, for this fire-drill will in a few minutes work noiselessly a way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed. The interposition of solid stone between the sheets of metal might occasion some embarrassment, yet the lock can be easily burnt off, so as to expose its mechanism and thus enable the burglar to slide the bolts. "What next?" is the pertinent inquiry of the *Scientific American*, from which we take the above.

EW There is a little railroad at Bayou Barre, Louisiana, that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A stranger came in the other day and inquired how often that steam car made trips to the country. The party interrogated said "tri-weekly." "What do you mean by tri-weekly?" The answer was, "It goes up one week and tries to come down the next."

EW A good story is told of Anna Dickinson, which illustrates that a woman, however eminent, is a woman still. When she opened the "Boston Lyceum," she came promptly to the front of the platform at half-past seven, and quietly surveyed the audience without opening her mouth for several minutes. She did not sit down, although a chair had been provided for her. "Why didn't you sit down?" asked one of the managers. "Do you suppose I was going to sit down in my new dress?"

EW The following method is said to preserve a bouquet bright and beautiful for at least a month. It is certainly worth a trial: Sprinkle it lightly with fresh water, and put it in a vase containing soap-suds. Each morning take the bouquet out of the suds, and lay it sideways in clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the suds, and it will bloom as when first gathered. Change the suds every three or four days.

EW A molting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man; who, being asked why he did not weep with the rest, "Oh," said he, "I belong to another church."

The President's Message.

We give a summary of the more important portions of President Grant's recent Message to Congress. He says:

It is to be regretted that a free exercise of the elective franchise has been denied to citizens in exceptional cases in several of the states lately in rebellion, and the verdict of the people has thereto been reversed. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, have been restored to representation; and Georgia, the only state yet out, may expect to resume her old place at the commencement of the New Year. The President hopes that the work of reconstruction will then be completed, with the acquiescence of the whole people in the national obligation to pay the war debt.

The President says that as soon as he learned that the people of France had established a Republican Government in France, he directed Mr. Washburne to recognize it, and to congratulate France upon the event. Should the Republic prove a permanent success, it will be a subject of sincere gratification in America, and the President side, that while we do not seek to impose our institutions upon foreign countries—and while we adhere to our traditional neutrality in civil contests elsewhere, we cannot feel indifferent to the speed of American political ideas in a great and highly civilized country like France.

He repeats his recommendation of the ratification of the treaty with San Domingo for the annexation of that Republic to the United States—and says that if it shall be abandoned, European nations will negotiate for a free port there. It is known to be their intention in any such event to establish a large commercial city in the Bay of Samana, to which we shall be tributary without receiving any corresponding benefit.

The President argues at length in favor of the annexation of San Domingo as a question of great importance to our material and commercial interests.

The Mexican free belt has not only been continued, but it is proposed to extend it. In all that area in Mexico, right along our southern border, foreign imports are subject to no duties. The difficulty of protecting our own commercial interests against the smuggling of goods across the frontier is very great, and Congress is asked to take action in the matter.

The massacre of Christians at Tien-tsin, in China, is mentioned, and it is stated that the evidence shows complicity of the local authorities with the mob. Upon the suggestion of the President, the French and German governments, though at war, suspended hostilities in the East so as to act together with us in China for the protection of the lives and properties of Americans and Europeans.

As the British Government still refuses to accede to our demands in reference to the war claims, the President proposes that Congress shall authorize the appointment of a Commission to take proof of the amounts and ownership of these claims, on notice to the British envoy, and that such arrangements be made so that the Government shall have the ownership of the private claims, as well as the responsible control of all the demands against Great Britain. It cannot be necessary to add that whenever her Majesty's Government shall entertain a desire for a full and friendly adjustment of these claims, the United States will enter upon their consideration with an earnest desire for a conclusion consistent with the honor and dignity of both nations."

During the past season the Canadian government has pursued an unfriendly course toward our fishermen. Vessels have been seized without notice or the customary reasonable warning, and the President charges that this was done for political effect upon this government. "The statutes of the Dominion of Canada assume a still broader and more untenable jurisdiction over the vessels of the United States. They authorize officers or persons to bring vessels hovering within three marine miles of any of our coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of Canada, into port to search the cargo, to examine the master on oath touching the cargo and voyage, and to inflict upon him a heavy pecuniary penalty if true answers are not given; and if such vessel is found preparing to fish within three marine miles of any such coast, bays, creeks or harbors without a license, or after the expiration of the period named in the last license granted to it, they provide that the vessel, with her tackle, etc., shall be forfeited. It is not known that any condemnations have been made under this statute. Should the authorities of Canada attempt to enforce it, it will become my duty to take such steps as may be necessary to protect the rights of the citizens of the United States." As the arrests and seizures may be renewed next season, the President asks Congress to allow him to suspend the operation of the laws authorizing the transit in broad across our territory of goods destined for Canada. The Canadian government has also claimed a power to exclude our vessels from the navigation of the St. Lawrence, which, if it shall be acquiesced in, will give to foreign hands a monopoly of the commerce of the lakes with the Atlantic. The President argues this question at length, and cites precedents, and laws, and treaties against the Canadian claims.

The average value of gold as compared with currency in 1860 was 134, and in 1870 it is 115, showing a gradual return to the specie basis, upon which point the President dwells at some length. As regards revenue, the President says that there is no reason, if we persist in our present course, why in a few years the direct taxes may not be abolished, except the revenue stamp and the taxes on liquors and tobacco. If revenue reform means this, the President is in favor of it; but if it means the maintenance of the direct taxes and the reduction of the tariff on foreign goods, he is opposed to it. He is still more opposed to it, if it means a failure to provide the requisite revenue to meet our obligations. He says:—"Revenue reform has not been defined by any of its advocates to my knowledge, but seems to be accepted as something which is to supply every man's wants without any cost or effort on his part."

The civil service reform is endorsed and recommended by the President, as also is the further prosecution of reform in the Indian service, and a variety of other matters.

EW A Yankee has recently invented a rat-extinguisher, consisting of a sort of snuff. The animal is expected to jerk its head off at the third snuff.

Gloves are now made in England with a pocket on the inside of the palm, to suit the habit indulged in by the fair sex of carrying money in that position.

London "Toshers."

London is honey-combed with ten thousand miles of sewers. Not many years ago, the main ones leading down to the river bank were kept open and were constantly threaded by rag-pickers, chimney-sweepers, rat-catchers, and searchers after valuables. The laborers of the latter were frequently well rewarded. But owing to the sudden rising of the tides, the apertures were often closed, and the individuals in the sewers were frequently drowned or smothered to death. An ordinance was therefore passed prohibiting all persons except those employed as workmen from entering these main sewers. Hanging-doors were likewise attached to the mouths in such a manner as to open and shut with the rise and fall of the tides. Explorations of the lesser sewers through the city have not, however, been discontinued, and it is estimated that there are between two and three hundred persons who derive a livelihood by delving about among them. These men are known as "Toshers," and they pursue their avocations night and day. Watchos, chains, rings, knives, old rope, iron—in fact, almost everything—are found by them. Kerwan, in his sketches of the English Metropolis, says that before entering upon their work, the sewer-hunters provide themselves with canvas browses, very thick of coarse, and a pair of old shoes or high-topped boots—the higher the legs, the better.

The coat may be of any material, only it must be of heavy fabric, and contain large side-pockets where articles may be crammed at will.

"They carry a bag on their backs, and in their hands a pole seven or eight feet long, on one end of which is fastened a large iron hook to rake up rubbish. Whenever they think the ground is unsafe or treacherous, they test it with the rake, and steady their steps with the staff. Should a sewer-breaker find himself sinking in a quagmire, he immediately throws out the long pole, armed with the hook, and seizes the flat object in the sewer to hold himself up. In some places, had the searcher no pole he would sink, and the more he tried to extricate his person, the deeper he would immerse his body. These "Toshers" carry lanterns so constructed as to throw a light a long distance. Frequently they become lost, and their remains are afterward found by their companions. The articles which they collect in their bags are sold to jewellers and keepers of junk-shops.

One old man who has followed this business for over twenty years, has amassed a moderate-sized fortune. Though he has an abundance for himself and family, he still continues his avocations, preferring to spend his time in the labyrinth of sewers to enjoy ease and comfort at home. On one occasion, he was attacked by a large number of rats, and would have been killed by them had not a companion hastened to his rescue, and assisted in driving them away. In describing the combat to Mr. Kerwan, the old chifferonier said: "You may be sure I hollowed and yelled, for I wasn't used to these vermin then, and the more I hollowed and beat them, the more they squealed and bit me. In a few moments, Steve came running back with his lantern, and seeing I was down and couldn't get up (having slipped into a sink-hole), he drove at the rats with his pole, and killed half a dozen of them, and then they left me and jumped at him. Then we went at it for a couple of minutes, battling for our lives—and when we did beat them off, we were bitten all over our bodies. I am sure, if it warn't for Steve and his lantern that time, I should have been eaten up by the rats. You see, sir, thy thought, when I stumbled and fell, that I attacked them, for I found out since that they never begin first if they can help it."

A good many of these "Toshers" devote themselves entirely to rat-catching. They are, however, specially armed and equipped to battle with the rats, in case the latter show fight. Their skins are sold for gloves, and their bodies are eagerly devoured by the half-famished class. Many attempts have been made to explore the sewers of New York for valuables. These efforts have never, however, been attended with much if any success. Some time since, a highly sensational story was published, to the effect that two journeymen had collected, as the result of several weeks of labor among our sewers, two bushels of jewelry and other valuables. But there seems to have been little or no foundation for the story. And yet were the contents of the New York sewers and drains to be overhauled, they would unquestionably yield a vast pile of valuables. The number of diamonds, rings, bracelets, and other valuable articles which have found their way through grates, sinks, closets, and other avenues to the sewers would, could they be recovered, gratify the most craving desires for worldly treasure. —*Hearst and Home.*

Fallacies About Women.—The cultivation of respect and courtesy toward our fair betrothals is to be most highly commended and enforced, but we claim in this article to assault certain feeble prejudices in favor of women which have their foundation upon romantic farrago. For instance, where is there a greater fallacy than in the belief that women weigh nothing? Yet in romance, even of this modern day, we read constantly of heroes magnanimously rushing off with fainting maidens from blushing houses, or more feloniously "carting" them on their shoulders for purposes of revengeful abduction. Let any one out of training, or under six feet of height, and with proportionate strength, attempt to run away with a fairly well-compared girl of eighteen or twenty, and give us his opinion of the prowess of these vaunted knights. A woman weighing one hundred and forty pounds weight of kicking womanhood is not to be carried at all. Even a slight girl will weigh a hundred pounds, and Rudolph or Horatio will stagger under her lovely but cumbersome figure if he break out of a stately walk.

There are plenty of buxom girls who weigh up to a hundred and seventy pounds, and it is not given to every man to "hurry off" with such a baggage. When the victimized Squalling fants on the stage, the robust baritones takes care that the evanescence shall be accomplished as close to the wing as possible. He knows what La Squalling weighs by the sad experience of rehearsals. Let any of our readers carry his sister up three flights of stairs without stopping, and forward to us his sentiments on the occasion. Women weigh a good many pounds now-a-days, and their sinness of fabrication is a fallacy.

Another popular belief is that women eat nothing. It is, of course, conceded that they sustain life by the consumption of some article of nourishment, but eating in the wholesale acceptance of the word is supposed to be foreign to female nature. This fallacy is founded and sustained by women themselves, who, during the affected period of their lives, cultivate small appetites as being *comes à faire* and a sign of semi-angiotic construction. When this pernicious nonsense is conscientiously carried out, the results upon the world would be singular, red noses, certain loss of vigor, general limpness, and some other unpleasant sequela. But, as a rule, the smallest appetites at the fashionable tables are exhibited by those shrewd girls whose natural and healthy wants have been thoroughly appraised by expert stuffing. Need we refer our readers to the historical poem concerning Violante in the pantry, gnawing of a mutton bone, or remind them how she gnawed it, how she allowed it, when she found herself alone? All this is a direct deceit, however, practiced upon unscrupulous old bachelors, who, when they have made the dainty creatures their, find out by the butcher's book and the ocular proof that sturdy troubadours men they have married. Watch a healthy girl at supper, during the intervals of dancing; she consumes by instalments four times as much as her partner, and soon, and in, none the worse for it. Our experience tells us, that women eat, in proportion to their weight, as much as men, and are no more fairies in this respect than in the matter of weight.

EW Female pickpockets all wear the convenient Arab shawls. They fold their shawls like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

EW At the late term of court at Belfast, Frank Sylvester, of Lincolnville, aged about 19 years, who plead guilty to larceny of clothing, was sentenced to two years in the State Prison. What is singular about the case is, that he actually stole the clothing in order to be sent to the State Prison that he might learn a trade. A result of the Trade Union's selfish rule respecting apprentices, probably.

EW An Illinois Postmaster gives notice as follows: "After this date everybody must lick their own postage stamp—for my tongue gives out."

EW The Bloomingdale, New York, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, having five hundred inmates, has recently lost one hundred and sixty-two by death from typhus fever.

EW The President's Message, containing 8,000 words, was sent to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, over ten wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company in 37½ minutes, actual time employed, or at the average rate of 30 words per minute on each wire, including all "breaks" or incidental delays.

EW A report comes from Paris that the supply of tobacco is running short. This is a dreadful prospect for the French soldier. He will submit to great deprivations, to coarse bread, and little of it; but he wants his coffee badly, and his tobacco is essential.

EW The mass of mankind refuse to do their own thinking, and therefore either must be content to be ruled by the small fraction who think for them, or, which is often the case, force their leaders to do what is foolish, intemperate and absurd.

EW Horace Greeley says:—"I doubt whether the social intolerance of adverse opinions is more vehement anywhere else than throughout the larger portion of our country. I have repeatedly been stung by the receipt of letters gravely informing me that my course and views on a current topic were adverse to public opinion; the writers evidently assuming, as a matter of course, that I was a mere jumping-jack, who only needed to know what other people thought to insure my instant and abject conformity to their prejudices."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—1000 bushels sold in lots at prices ranging from \$4.50 to \$5.00, for saplings; \$4.75 to \$5.00 extra for Northwest family; \$4.00 to \$4.50 for Pennsylvania family; \$3.50 to \$4.00 extra for fancy brands. Rye flour \$1.40 to \$1.50.

BRAINS—5000 bushels sold at \$1.40 to \$1.50 for Indiana red, \$1.30 to \$1.35 for Ohio red, \$1.15 to \$1.20 for Delaware red, and \$1.00 to 1.05 for Pennsylvania.

BEEF—Sales of 100,000 lbs. for new retail.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Dec. 17, 1870.)

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new

STORY BY MRS. WOOD,

Author of "EAST LYNN," "BRENT RANE," &c., &c.

We will announce the title, and time of publication, hereafter.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers. Those who speak of her as a merely "sensational" writer, simply have caught up a parrot cry, and show their utter ignorance of her works.

Early in January, we design commencing a

STORY OF ADVENTURE,

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories of the usual excellent quality.

The desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meat and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

We are still able to offer all NEW subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of LEONIE'S MYSTERY, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

WE HAVE A GOODLY SUPPLY OF BACK NUMBERS STILL ON HAND.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms:

One copy (and a Premium Steel Engraving)	\$2.50
2 copies,	4.00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00

One copy of THE POST and one of

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

4.00
Every person getting up a Club will receive one of the large Steel-Plate Premium Engravings—and for Clubs of 5 and over both a Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

Our last Premium Engraving is "THE SISTERS"—a perfect Gem. The others are "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," and "One of Life's Happy Hours." Either of these engravings will be sent, as desired. If no directions are given, "The Sisters" will be sent.

EW Club Subscribers who wish a Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish them for two dollars. All these engravings are done on Steel—they are not wood-cuts or lithographs.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the get-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the get-up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full), in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend:
ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making thirteen months in all!

Sewing Machine Premium, &c.
—See terms on the second page of this paper.

FROM HIS PLAY.

BY MRS. M. E. SANDER.

I read in a blotted letter
A sorrowful page to-day!
It tenderly told of a darling child
Suddenly caught from his play!
Climbing the moment and shouting,
The next—a slip and a fall!

They bore him home to his mother;
He died—and that was all!

All! It is said so often,
And yet I comprehend
Something of your depth of darkness,
O sorely stricken friend!
As I think with a chill foreboding,
How blank this world would be
If the wing of the desolate angel
Should bear my boy from me.

Yet, sweet, let it soothe your sorrow,
Then not by the bridge of pain
Your little one crossed the river,
And stood on the shining plain:
That you keep no moan of anguish
In your thought of the grief-stricken boy,
But the ring of his musical laughter,
A very peal of joy!

One quivering breath, and the eyelids
Drooped over the deep blue eyes,
That opened a moment later,
In the flash of a sweet surprise!
For surely this was the city
With crystal walls of light,
And that was the sea of jasper,
Where never faileth night.

His mother had told him often,
In the pauses of her song,
While over him in the evening light
Would soft dream shadows throng,
How the other side of the sunset,
Wondrous light serene,
More beautiful than the morning,
These lay a world unseen,

Where the pilgrim, great or little,
Who took this earth of ours,
Should rest them under the tree of light,
Amid unfading flowers;
Where waited the loving Jesus,
Who heard his lisping prayer,
To gather the wee ones in his arms,
And bid them welcome there.

So it was not like a stranger,
Sure not of right nor of way,
The dear one felt when he found himself
At home on that sudden day;
For borne by a swift translation
To the Master's feet above,
The Master himself would teach him soon
The perfect love of love.

As I linger over your letter,
Tear-stained, I see to see
That house bereft, where a hearse
For many a mouth shall be!
Where the silence strains to listen
For a step that nevermore
 Shall bound in its thoughts freedom
Across the desolate floor!

But I gaze beyond the waters
That ripple at my feet,
And far and far through the autumn sky,
So strangely still and sweet,
And I think how well had it been for some
Who wearily work away,
If Heaven had stooped to lift them up
From their brief, bright childhood's play!

Great Girls.

Nothing is more distinctive among women than the difference of relative age between them. Two women of the same number of years will be substantially of different epochs of life—the one faded in person, wearied in mind, fossilized in sympathy; the other fresh both in face and feeling, with sympathies as broad and keen as they were when she was in her first youth, and perhaps even more so; with a brain still as receptive, a temper still as easy to be amused, as ready to love, as quick to learn, as when she emerged from the school-room to the drawing-room. The one you suspect of understanding her age by half a dozen years or more when she tells you she is not over forty; the other makes you wonder if she has not overstated hers by just so much when she laughingly confesses to the same age. The one is an old woman who seems as if she had never been young, the other "just a great girl yet," who seems as if she would never grow old; and nothing is equal between them but the number of days each has lived.

This kind of woman, so fresh and active, so intellectually as well as emotionally alive, is never anything but a girl; never loses some of the sweetest characteristics of girlhood. You see her first as a young wife and mother, and you imagine she has left the school-room for about as many months as she has been married years. Her face has none of that untranslatable expression, that look of robust bloom, which experience gives; in her manner is none of the preoccupation so observable in most young mothers, whose attention never seems wholly given to the tending of hand, and whose hearts seem always full of a secret care or an unimpeded joy. Bright and gay, braving all weathers, ready for any amusement, interested in the current questions of history or society, by some wonderful faculty of organizing seeming to have all her time to herself, as if she had no house cares and no nursery duties, yet these somehow not neglected, she is the very ideal of a happy girl roving through life as through a dairy-field, on whom sorrow has not yet laid its hand, and to whose lot has fallen no Dead Sea apple. And when one bears her name and style for the first time as a matron, and sees her with two or three sturdy little fellows hanging about her slender neck and calling her mamma, one feels as if nature had somehow made a mistake, and our slim and simple-mannered damsel had only made believe to have taken up the serious burdens of life, and was nothing but a great girl after all.

Grown older she is still the great girl she was ten years ago, if her type of girlhood is a little changed and her gaiety of manner a little persistent. But even now, with a big boy at Eton, and a daughter whose presentation is not so far off, she is younger than her staid and melancholy sister, her junior by many years, who has gone in for the immunities and the worship of sorrow, who thinks laughter the sign of a vacant mind, and that to be interesting and picturesque a woman must be mournful and have a defective digestion. Her sister looks as if all that makes life worth living for lay behind her, and only the grave beyond; she, the great girl, with her bright face and even temper, believes that her

future will be as joyous as her present, as innocent as her past, as full of love, and as purely happy.

She has known some sorrows truly, and she has gained experience such as comes only through the reading of the heart-strings; but nothing that she has passed through has scarred or soured her, and if it has taken off just the lighter edge of her girlishness it has left the core as bright and cheery as ever. She is generally of the style called "elegant," and wonderfully young in mere physical appearance. Perhaps sharp eyes might spy out here and there a little silver thread among the soft brown hair; and when fatigued or set in a cross light, lines not quite belonging to the teens might be traced about her eyes and mouth, but in favorable conditions, with her graceful figure advantageously draped, and her fair face flushed and animated, she looks a great girl, no more, and she feels as she looks. It is well for her if her husband is a wise man, and more proud of her than jealous, for he must submit to her admiration by all the man who knows her, according to their individual manner of expressing admiration; but as purity of nature and singleness of heart belong to her qualification for great girlishness, he has no cause for alarm, and she is as safe with Don Juan as with St. Anthony.

These great girls, being middle-aged matrons, are often seen in the country; and one of the things which most strike a Londoner, is the abiding youthfulness of this kind of matron. She has a large family, the elders of which are grown up, but she has lost none of the beauty for which her youth was noted, though it is now a different kind of beauty; and she has still the air and manners of a girl. She behaves easily, is shy and sometimes apt to be a little awkward, though always sweet and gentle; she knows very little of real life and less of its vices; she is pitiful to sorrow, affectionate to her friends, who, however, are few in number, and strongly attached to her own family; she has no theological doubts, no scientific proclivities, and the conditions of society and the family do not perplex her; she thinks Darwinism and the protoplasm dangerous innovations, and the doctrine of Free Love, with Mrs. Cody Stanton's development, is something too shocking for her to talk about; she lifts her calm, clear eyes in wonder at the wild proceedings of the shrinking sisterhood, and cannot for the life of her make out what all this tumult means, and what the women want. For herself, she has no doubts whatever, no moral uncertainties. The path of duty is as plain to her as the words of the Bible, and she loves her husband well to wish to be his rival, or to ensure an individualized existence. She is his wife, she says; and that seems more satisfactory to her than to be herself a somebody in the full light of notoriety, with him in the shade as her appendage. If she is inclined to be intolerant to any one, it is to those who seek to disturb the existing state of things, or whose speculations unsettle men's minds; those who, as she thinks, entangle the sense of that which is clear and straightforward enough if they would but leave it alone, and by their love of iconoclasm run the risk of destroying more than idols. But she is intolerant only because she believes that when men put forth false doctrines, they put them forth for a bad purpose, and to do intentional mischief. Had she not this simple faith, which no philistine questionings have either enlarged or disturbed, she would not be the great girl she is; and what she would have gained in catholicity she would have lost in freshness. For herself, she has no self-asserting power, and would shrink from any kind of public action; but she likes to visit the poor, and is sedulous, in the matter of tracts and flannel petitions, vexing the souls of the sisters, if she can; generous, which they affirm only encourages idleness and creates pauperism. She cannot see it in that light. Charity is one of the cardinal virtues of Christianity, and accordingly charitable she will be, in spite of all that political economists will say. She belongs to her family, they do not belong to her; and you seldom hear her say "I went" or "I did," it is always "we"; which, though a small point, is a significant one, showing how little she holds to anything like an isolated individuality, and how entirely she feels a woman's life to be long to and be bound up in her home relations. She is romantic too, and has her dreams and memories of early days; when her eyes grow moist as she looks at her husband, the first and only man she ever loved, and the past seems to be only part of the present. The experience which she must needs have had, serves only to make her more gentle, more pitiful, than the ordinary girl, who is naturally inclined to be a little hard; and of all her household she is the kindest and the most intrinsically sympathetic. She keeps up her youth for the children's sake, she says, and they love her more like an elder sister than the traditional mother. They never think of her as old, for she is their constant companion, and can do all that they do. She is fond of exercise, is a good walker, an active climber, a bold horsewoman, and a great promoter of pic-nic and open-air amusements. She looks almost as young as her eldest daughter in a cap and with covered shoulders; and her sons have a certain playfulness in their pride and love for her which makes them more her brothers than her sons. Some of them are elderly men before she has ceased to be a great girl; for she keeps her youth to the last by virtue of clear conscience, a pure mind, and a loving nature. She is wise, too, in her generation, and takes care of her health by means of active habits, fresh air, cold water, and a sparing use of medicines and stimulants; and if the dear soul is proud of anything it is of her figure, which she keeps trim and elastic to the last, and of the clearness of her skin, which no heated rooms have softened, no accustomed strong waters have rendered clouded or blotched.

KE To become a vivandiere has of late been all the rage amongst pretty Parisienne, Mademoiselle Massin, a charming actress, prodigiously chic, in the most exquisite of *Filles du Regiment* toilettes, marches at the head of her battalion of National Guards.

KE The Superior Court of Cincinnati has decided that a wife has a vested right in her husband's society and companionship, and can maintain an action for damages for the loss thereof. While one would suppose that the society of a man who voluntarily absented himself from his wife could not be worth much to her, according to this court, those who entice away and harbor any such recreant husband are liable to the wife for all damages.

Life Sustainers.

The greatest benefactor humanity could

have would be the man who could make

known the way to live without eating and

drinking, who could put starvation among

the impossibilities, and make "fasting girls"

the realities of nature. Failing the ar-

rival of this desirable personage, who can

hardly be expected upon this side of the

millennium, we must give a due share of the

blessings we should bestow upon him to the

man who teaches us how to subsist when

food is out of reach, and how to put off the

uncomfortable consequences of insufficient

alimentation. But we have to thank not one

but several men. It is twenty years since

a French observer pointed out that the

Bulgarian miners worked harder than those of

his own country, though they fed not nearly

so well,—not eating an average man's daily

allowance. The secret was found to lie in

their free indulgence in coffee: they each

drank about two quarts a day. Diabolical

met this announcement. Ten years later

another doctor declared that he had kept a

young man in working vigor for a week upon

a daily allowance of about an ounce and a

half of coffee. Ten years from the date of

this essay brings us to 1870, when we find

one physician in Smyrna, and another in

France trying upon themselves the sustaining

effects of the roasted berry and its stimu-

lating decoction. From both quarters com-

paratory results are reported. The French

man extended his experiments to tea and

cocoa: the steps of his inquiry we need not

follow, suffice it to say that they led him to

the conviction that a man might live and

conserve all his bodily powers for many

months upon a daily allowance of an ounce

and a quarter of the following mixture in-

DWELLERS IN THYME.

A while on earth we roamed,
In these frail houses which are not our home,
Journeying toward a refuge that is sure,—
A rest secure.

Only a little while
We dress the frown of life, and court its
smile,
A dwelling then we have, not made with
hands,
In other lands.

Therefore, we need not mourn
That sudden clouds across our skies are
born,
That winter chills us, and the storm makes
rain
In our frail tents.

Therefore we need not fear,
Though moth and rust corrupt our treasure
here;
Though midnight thieves creep in with si-
lent stealth
To seize our wealth.

For, in our Father's house,
A mansion fair He has prepared for us;
And only till His voice shall call us hence
We dwell in tents.

Lessons from China.

Hear what an intelligent man, a native of one of the most careful nations on earth in material matters says of the Chinese, that a generation of five hundred millions, which we, in our pride, regard as half civilized. M. Simon, consul of France in China, gave the Acclimatization Society of Paris a sketch of his observations and experiences in the latter country, and recounted some traits of character of much interest. China possesses no meadow land except in the extreme north; and Mongolia abounds in cattle, but it is not easy to bring them eight or nine hundred leagues to feed the south; so that the Chinese have to look elsewhere for their supplies. Fresh water fish, of which we take so little account, forms one great element of food; the Chinese have for centuries made the breeding and preservation of fish an occupation of the highest importance; the rivers, rivulets, lakes, and canals, which abound in two-thirds of the country, swarm with fish, and it is almost impossible to form a notion of the profusion which ages of care have brought about; fishing is going on everywhere, not only in streams, lakes, and canals of all dimensions, but in the ditches of the rice fields; and even in pools of rain water; indeed, there are some kinds of fish that multiply so rapidly that they spawn twice a month. The Chinese use canals of all kinds, and ground lines, and also employ the Cormorant to aid in the taking of fish; it forms the every-day food of at least three hundred and fifty millions of the inhabitants, and the supply never fails; a self-evident fact, when we know that ordinary fish costs only about two cents per pound in China, and that the most delicate kind is only worth from ten to twenty cents. But if fish is the common, it is not the only animal food of this people; for the pig, the duck, and the fowl are also grand resources. Pork has become such an important article of food, that it is dearer than beef, although the latter is scarcer; as to ducks, they may be seen in flocks of many thousands on the waters, where they are preserved with much care. Children seated in little canoes guard them, but the drakes lead them to and from the water, watch them from the shore, and recall them with a peculiar cry, which the young ducklings seem perfectly to understand. Ducks form an important article of trade, and when dried and pressed between two boards, like plantain or barberry, they are sent all over the empire. Dogs of a peculiar breed, and even rats, are prepared in the same way for the poorer classes. Sheep and goats come next to the pig, duck, and fowl in importance; as to game, it is so plentiful, by preservation, no doubt, that a small cart-load is not worth more than about \$1.25 in the capital.

The basis of Chinese food is, however, vegetable, and when we remember that from four hundred to five hundred millions of Chinese live in a country not more than four or five times larger than France, which has not a tenth part of the population, it is easy to form an idea of the pitch to which cultivation has been carried. There are from seventy to eighty kinds of vegetable substances grown in China, twenty-five of which are least produced as food. Rice is the most important of all, and the pains that are taken in its cultivation are extraordinary; in order to supply the rice-fields with water, enormous mountains have been pierced, immense lakes excavated; the waters of rivers and small streams are carefully retained, and turned into small canals and ditches, which surround and intersect the fields in every direction. M. Simon says he believes the world never saw a greater or more admirable work than that vast system of irrigation which from the west of China to the sea, places all the water under the hands of the farmer and gardener. Not only rice, but every kind of crop is cultivated with the utmost pains. The result is magnificent; the yield of rice is nearly five tons per acre, and that of other crops in proportion. Labor alone, even with the most complete irrigation, would not yield such a result; the secret is in the application of manure; every atom of refuse is returned to the land in China, and, where the supply is small, it is made up from the sea. Without any great science, the Chinese have established a complete system of manuring in which nothing is lost, and fossil matter of all kinds, decayed vegetables, bones, lime, oyster-shells, fish, and sea-weed are used up. They have a dozen recognized methods of preparing manure according to the soil, the crop, and other circumstances; they are not very fastidious, and the smails in the villages and towns are not agreeable; but the grand problem is solved, of employing the entire refuse of hundreds of millions of people—with immense labor, it is true, but with great profit also—in the production of food. So complete is the system, that the manure is carried in barges, and in palls slung on bamboo wherever it is wanted, often to great distances.

In the use of fuel the Chinese show the same economy; with a few pounds of dry vegetable matter, which does not cost a cent per pound, they will cook a meal for a whole family.

We boast of our science, our industry, our wealth; but how long will it take us to arrive at a state of economy which has existed throughout the Chinese Empire during so many centuries?—Circular.

A Monk Ghost.

A young man residing in this city, one evening recently went out for a stroll with the fair emblems of his affection. After awhile the pair found themselves near one of the cemeteries, where they seated themselves on a large stone by the roadside—the young gentleman disposed his coat-sleeves so as to protect the lady's belt from being injured by the falling dew, and they became happily oblivious to the world and the flight of time, fancying themselves in Paradise until their senses were recalled to earth by the sound of the Old North clock striking midnight.

At that moment a terrible apparition presented itself from the neighboring burial-ground—the tall, shadowy figure of a human being—a man, with glassy eyes and hair on end, clothed in spotless white, with ghastly countenance, and gliding noiselessly over the frayed ground.

The unhappy pair of mortals shrank into the smallest possible compass, hoping that the dread spectre might pass on his evil errand without molesting them; but the shade advanced to within a few yards of where they were cowering, and with an awful frown and a scolding tone demanded, "What are you two young fools doing here?" adding in a stern and warning voice, "you'd better be getting home!"

The ghost disappeared the instant he finished speaking—at least, neither of the young mortals saw anything more of him, though both are confident of having been nearly suffocated with the fumes of sulphur. But they took his advice and scuttled down the street, the young lady making time that was only exceeded by that of her companion and protector. The youthful pair now speak with great respect of ghosts and demons, and care nothing for evening walks.

We know a gentleman who resides near the cemetery where the ghost lives, and who, on the night in question, hearing a noise in his garden, arose from his bed, and arrayed only in slippers and a long white "garment," proceeded to drive away a marauding cow that was raiding on his pet cabbages. Having driven her far enough, he made a short cut home through the graveyard; and happening to see two young girls sitting on a stone by the roadside, in the chilling night air, he forgot his costume, and approached to offer them some good advice, which they at once took. This was about midnight, but the gentleman did not see any ghost; he has no desire, however, to throw any discredit upon the statements of those who did see him.—*Portsmouth Gazette.*

TATTERS.

Every community is curbed by the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's affairs but their own. Such people are the poorest specimens of humanity which exist upon this bright earth. It is well known that almost every person is sometimes disposed to speak evil of others, and tattling is a sin from which very few can claim to be entirely exempt. But the object of this present article is to speak of that distinct class of tattlers who make tale-bearing the constant business of their lives. They pry into the private affairs of every family in the neighborhood; they know the exact state of one neighbor's feelings toward another; they understand everybody's faults, and no little blunder or misdeemeanor ever escapes their watchfulness. They are well posted upon every thing connected with courtship and matrimony, and know who are going to marry whom, and can guess the exact time by every movement of parties suspected of matrimonial intentions, and, if there is the slightest chance to create a disturbance, excite jealousy, or "break up" a match, they take advantage of it, and do all in their power to keep people in a state of constant vexation. They glide quietly from gentlewoman to lady, from mother to daughter, from father to son, and in the ears of all they pour their bitter whispers of slander and abuse, and, at the same time, pretend to be the most sincere friends of those they talk to. Their malicious pills of slander are sugar-coated with smiles and words of friendship.

Tattlers are confined to no particular class, and they operate in all. We find them among the rich, and the poor—"upper ten" and the "lower million," in the church and out of it. They are people who have no higher ambition than to be well informed in regard to other people's private business, to retail scandal to their neighbors, and to exult in Hindoo triumphs over the wounded feelings and bruised hearts of their innocent victims.

The Origin of "Hurrah!"

The cry "Hurrah!" was proved by a German writer to have been received by the Germans from the people coming from the East at the time of the "Valkerwanderung."

It was then "Harr!" subsequently changed in the wars with the Slaves, Huns, and Avars, to "Warr!" A writer in the *Vossische Zeitung*, who has lived several years in India, gives a still further explanation on the origin of these cries: "The word 'Harr!' really 'Harr!' was got by the old Germans in the first place from people who wandered into Europe from Central Asia. The word harr (harr) is used to this day among the Hindoos of Eastern India as a designation for God, being one of their names for the god Vishnu. When the Hindoos have something difficult to accomplish, they cry 'Harr!' 'Harr!' This cry is very frequently heard by the Hindoo boatmen, when their boat happens to get stuck on a sand bank in the Ganges. Putting all their strength together, they call out 'Harr!' 'Harr!' and exert their utmost power until they bring it afloat. When the boatmen are towing the boat up the stream, and come to a strong current, where they wish to go quickly and securely over difficult and dangerous parts, the same cry is used. It is probable that the Hindoo soldiers use the cry 'Harr!' in war. In short the word Harr is used by the Hindoo whenever he is conscious of his own weakness, and feels the necessity of divine help. The word Harr, therefore, which our forefathers got from the peoples emigrating to Europe from Asia, and from which the cry of 'Hurrah!' is derived, signifies 'God help us!'"

Petroleum originates in limestone rock. Near Chicago is a bed of Niagara limestone which contains nearly half its weight of oil, four square miles of which contain more oil than Pennsylvania has produced in ten years. Not a drop of this oil is obtainable, however, because the strata must be subjected to intense heat to distill the oil into cavities in the rocks, which has been the case with the Pennsylvania formation. An obvious inference from the occurrence of petroleum in limestone is, that it arises from the remains of an oily polyp, which built the coral reefs from which the limestones were formed.—Circular.

SPARROWS.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter, and flutter, and fold their
wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their
sires
Stretched always on purpose these won-
derful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world in-
spires
Did plan for the birds, among other
things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under
their feet—
How value rises, and how declines;
How kings with their armies in battle
meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gospiling foolish-
ness.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under
their feet—
And we think that for these the Lord con-
trives,

Or catch what the hidden lightnings say.
But from end to end his meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the
way.

Is life only wires and lightnings then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the works, and the hopes, and the
prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's tele-
graph strings,
Holding a moment and gone again?
Nay; be pleased for the birds with the
larger things.

—Old and New.

MY LADY VISITOR;

OR, MRS. ELIA'S STORY.

Three or four years ago, my husband and I were making a winter voyage up the Oregon coast. The weather was not peculiarly bad: it was the ordinary winter weather, with a quartering wind, giving the ship an awkward motion over an obliquely rolling sea. Cold, sick, thoroughly uncomfortable, with no refuge but the narrow and dimly-lighted state-room, I was reduced in the first twenty-four hours to a condition of ignominious helplessness, hardly willing to live, and not yet fully wishing or intending to die.

In this unhappy frame of mind the close of the second weary day found me, when my husband opened our state-room door to say that Mr. Elia, of —, Oregon, was on board, and proposed to come and talk to me, in the hope of amusing me and making me forget my wretchedness. Submitting rather than agreeing to the proposal, chairs were brought and placed just inside the doorway, where the light of the saloon lamps shone athwart the countenance of my self-constituted physician. He was a young man, and looked younger than his years; slightly built, though possessing a supple, well-knit frame, with hands of an elegant shape, fine texture, and great expression. You saw at a glance that he had a poet's head, and a poet's sensitiveness of face; but it was only after observation that you saw how much the face was capable of which it did not convey, for faces are apt to indicate not so much individual culture as the culture of those with whom we are habitually associated. Mr. Elia's face clearly indicated to me the intellectual poverty, the want of motherly cultivation in his accustomed circle of society, at the same time that it suggested possible phases of great beauty, should it ever become possible for certain emotions to be habitually called to the surface by sympathy. Evidently a vein of drollery in his nature had been better appreciated, and oftener exhibited to admiring audiences, than any of the finer qualities of thought or sentiment of which you instinctively knew him to be capable; and yet the face protested against it, too, by a gentle irony with a hint of self-scorn in it, as if its owner, in his own estimation, wrote himself a buffoon for his condescension. Altogether it was a good face, but one to make you wish it were better, since by not being so it was untrue to itself. I remember thinking all this, looking out with sluggish interest from my berth, while the two gentlemen did a little preliminary talking.

Mr. Elia's voice, I observed, like his face, was susceptible of great change and infinite modulations. Deep chest tones were followed by finely attenuated sounds; drooping nasal tones, by quick and clear ones. The quality of the voice was soft and musical; the enunciation slow, often emphatic. His manner was illustrative, egotistic, and keenly watchful of effects.

"You never heard the story of my adventure in the mountains?" Elia began, turning to me with the air of a man who had made up his mind to tell his story.

"No; please tell it."

"Well"—running his tapering fingers through his hair and pulling it over his forehead—"I started out in life with a theory, and it was this: that no young man should seek a woman to marry him until he had prepared a home for her. Correct, wasn't it? I was about nineteen years old when I took up some land down in the Rogue River Valley, and worked away at it with this object."

"Had you really a wife selected at that age?"

"No; but it was the fashion in early times in that country to marry early, and I was getting ready, according to my theory; don't you see? I was pretty successful, too; had considerable stock, built me a house, made a flower garden for my wife—even put up the pegs on nail she was to hang her dresses on. I intended that fail to get on my horse, ride through the Wallamet Valley, and find me my wife."

At the notion of courting in that off hand, general style, both my husband and I laughed doubtfully. Elia laughed, too, but as if the recollection pleased him.

"You think that is strange, do you? 'Twasn't so very strange in those days, because girls were scarce, don't you see. There wasn't a girl within forty miles of me; and just the thought of one, now, as I was fixing those nails to hang her garments on—why, it just ran through me like a shock of electricity!"

"Well, as I said, I had about two hundred and fifty head of cattle, a house with a garden, a young orchard, with vegetables growing—everything in readiness for the wife I had counted on getting to help me take care of it. And what do you think

happened? There came such a plague of grasshoppers upon the valley that they destroyed every green thing: crops, orchard, flowers, grass, everything! My stock died—the greater portion of them—and, I was ruined!" (Deep sigh.) "I considered myself disappointed in love, too, because, though I had not yet found my girl, I knew she was somewhere in the valley waiting for me; and I felt somehow, when the grasshoppers ate up everything, as if I had been jilted. Actually, it pleased me with a pang now to think of those useless pages on which so often my imagination hung a pink calico dress and a girl's sunbonnet.

Knitting his brows, and sighing as he shifted his position, Elia once more pulled the hair over his forehead, in his peculiar fashion, and went on:

"I became misanthropic—feit myself badly used. Picking up my books and a few other traps, I started for the mountains with what stock I had left, built myself a fort, and played hermit."

"A regular fort?"

"A stockade eighteen feet high, with an embankment four feet high around it, a strong gate, a tent in the middle of the enclosure, all my property, such as books, feed, arms, etc., inside."

"On account of Indians?"

"Indians and white men. Yes, I've seen a good many Indians through the beat of my rifle. They learned to keep away from my fort. There were mining camps down in the valley, and you know the hang-ups of those camps? I sold beef to the miners; had plenty of money by me sometimes. It was necessary to be strongly fortified."

"What a strange life for a boy! What did you do? How spend your time?"

"I herded my cattle, drove them to market, cooked, studied, wrote, and indulged in misanthropy, with a little rifle practice. By the time I had been one summer in the mountains, I had got my hand in, and knew how to make money buying up cattle to sell again in the mines."

"So there was method in your madness—misanthropy, I mean."

"Well; a man cannot resign life before he is twenty-one. I was doing well, and beginning to think again of visiting the Wallamet—know I was Sunday, because I kept a journal—I was writing outside of my fort, writing, when a shadow fell across the paper and, looking up, lo! a skeleton figure stood before me. (Soporulphorous bones, and a pause.) "Used as I was to lonely encounters with strange men, my hair stood on end as I gazed on the spectre before me. He was the mereest boy in years; pretty and delicate by nature, and then reduced by starvation to a shadow. His story was soon told. He had left Boston on a vessel coming out to the north-west coast, had been wrecked at the mouth of the Umpqua, and been wandering about in the mountains ever since, subsisting as he could on roots and berries. But you are becoming tired."

"No, I assure you; on the contrary, growing deeply interested."

"The boy was not a young woman in disguise, or anything like that, you know—with an amused look at me. "I thought you'd think so; but as he comes into the story as a collateral, I just mention his introduction to myself. I fed him and nursed him until he was able to go to work, and then I got Sam Chong Lung to let him take up a claim alongside a Chinese camp, promising to favor the Chinaman in a beef contract if he was good to the boy. His claim proved a good one, and he was making money, when two Chinamen stole a lot of horses from Sam Chong Lung, and he offered \$400 to Edwards if he would go after them and bring them back. Edwards asked my advice, and I encouraged him to go, telling him how to take and bring back his prisoners." (Reflective pause.) "You can't imagine me living alone, now, can you? Such an egotistical fellow as I am, and fond of ladies' society. You can't believe it, can you?"

"Hermits and solitaires are always egotists, I believe. As to the ladies, your loneliness was the result of circumstances, as you have explained."

"Well, I should have missed Edwards a good deal, if it had not been for some singular incidents which happened during his absence." His always accented the last syllable of any word ending in e-n-t, like "incident" or "commencement," giving it besides a peculiar nasal sound, which was sure to secure the attention. The word incident, as he pronounced it, produced quite a different effect from the same word spoken in the usual style.

"A man came to my fort one day who was naked and starving. He was a bad looking fellow; but a man naturally does look bad when his clothes are in rags, and his bones protruding through his skin. I clothed him, fed him, cared for him kindly, until he was able to travel, and then he went away. The next Sunday, I was sitting outside the stockade, as customary, reading some translations of the Greek poets, when, on raising my eyes from the book to glance over the approach to my fort—I was always on the alert—I beheld a VISION. Remember, I had not seen a woman for a year and a half! She was slowly advancing, riding with superb grace a horse of great beauty and value, richly caparisoned. She came slowly up the trail, as if to give me time for thought, and I needed it. That picture is still indelibly impressed upon my mind; the very flicker of the sunlight and shadow across the road, and the glister of her horse's trappings, as he stamped his bit and arched his neck with impatience at her restraining hand. Are you very tired?" asked Elia suddenly.

"Never less so in my life; pray go on."

"You see I had been alone so long, and I am very susceptible. That vision coming upon me suddenly as it did, in my solitude, gave me the strongest sensations I ever had. It was spell-bound. Not so she. Reining in her horse beside me, she squatted around in her saddle, as if asking assistance to dismount. Struggling with my embarrassment, I helped her down, and she accepted my invitation into the fort, signifying, at the same time, that she wished me to attend to stripping and feeding her horse. This gave us mutually an opportunity to prepare for the coming interview.

"When I returned to my guest, she had laid aside her riding-habit and close sunbonnet, and stood revealed a young, beautiful, elegantly-dressed woman. To my unaccustomed eyes, she looked a goddess.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

A Good Word for the Girl of the Period

To sum up in half a dozen words the character of the "girl of the period," we find that she has, with more freedom of action, acquired a standard of healthy development, and approaches to a degree of physical perfection unknown to those of a couple of generations back. She retains all the virtues of her grandmothers, but adds to them a certain confidence, a certain go-ahead spirit, a disregard for consequences, which is a peculiarity of the times, has grown upon her insensibly, and is no fault of hers, but which she cannot help. Her views, like the masks and dresses at a masquerade, are for the most part assumed in a playful spirit, and no more represent her true sentiments than a weathercock on a church-steeple does the living bird. Her good points do not glare out and dazzle us; but rather, like the lamp of the glow-worm, shine forth from beneath the cover to attract only the one it is intended to attract.—*English Woman's Magazine*.

FROM Iowa comes a story of a school-boy who was allowed one day by the teacher of his department to go home. The next day the principal of the school having noted the absence, without knowing the reason, accused the absence of playing truant. The charge was proudly denied, whereupon the principal struck the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head and face. The latter went home with a severe headache, which was followed by a fever; the side of the head upon which the blow fell meantime became much inflamed, swelled up, and gave constant pain; in short, the boy died under such circumstances that the attending physician and the parents unhesitatingly gave it as their opinion that his death was caused by the blow. This reminds us of a case we saw reported a short time ago of a teacher who roughly punished a little boy, and then, because he screamed, sent him to the principal to be "cared." It was afterward discovered that the child's arm was broken by the first assailant, which certainly justified his screaming.

A FRENCH journal, published at Mesières, has upon a novel yet simple plan of ridding France of her unwelcome invaders. There are sixty thousand France-tireurs, says the martial writer, "Let each one of them kill a German soldier a day, and in ten days there will not be left alive an armed foeman on the soil of France." If the France-tireurs will carry into effect this novel bit of strategy, there is an end of the siege of Paris, the cessation of Alsace and Lorraine, the dismantling of Metz and Strasburg; in short, of all the vexed questions of the war. The only obstructions in the way are the six hundred thousand Germans who may refuse to go by twos and threes to secluded nooks for the express purpose of being assassinated by sixty thousand France-tireurs.

The Egyptians, two thousand years ago, could make fine linen cloth of quality equal to that is now worn.

When ideas enter a barren brain, they lie inactive and die, like seed cast into sterile ground; but when they fall on a genial soil, they are almost sure to germinate and spring forth in some new or beautiful form.

"Looking at the aurora borealis" is the excuse made of families and young men give now at breakfast for being out late the previous evening.

"YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS."—Referring to the popular mania for prefixing to all manner of associations the appellation young, when the members thereof are approaching the sere and yellow leaf of life, a contemporary says: "We have seen a Young Men's Library Association, the entire directory of which couldn't furnish hair enough of indigenous growth to stuff a pin cushion, and an organization of Young Men whose heads, when gathered in full concilium, were compared by an irreverent observer to a watermelon patch."

There shall be less distress
Than heretofore,
When men make poetry low,
And live it more.—B. G. Hesmer.

CARLYLE says of universal suffrage:—"On wondrous system of extorting the wisdom of the people by counting their noses; getting the hidden essence of vox populi from thirty millions of people—most likely fools."

It is the best thing that are capable of the worst abuse; the very abuse may test the value.—*Theodore Parker*.

THOMPSON is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

The "Wandering Jews" are an Illinois base ball club.

It has been resolved that the students of Harvard University shall be taught to write and to speak the English language. Good.

In Lexington, Ind., recently, Mrs. Matilda Brown got a divorce on Tuesday evening, a marriage license on Wednesday morning, and before dusk was off on her bridal trip as Mrs. John J. Rude. She was first "done Brown," and then rather "Rude."

Seventy-two November meteors were observed by the officers of the United States Coast Survey in California on the nights of the 13th and 14th ult. It appears to be the opinion of scientific men that the earth has passed out of the meteoric belt.

An acquaintance met Thackeray one day after his return from America, and asked him what he thought of the Republicans there—for he imagined that the famous novelist was a Democrat also. "I shall record my opinions of the Americans," answered Thackeray, "in the book that I DON'T MEAN TO WRITE."

A LITTLE FAILING.—Nervous Old Lady.—"Now, umph, you're sure your house is quiet? What's he laying back his ears like that for? Look!"

Cally—Oh, that's only her semi-nine-our-easy, mom. She likes to hear where she's a goin' to!"

Tight lacing caused the sudden death of a young lady in a Springfield (Ohio) ballroom last week.

The Canterbury Shakers have just put a cabinet organ in their worship room—the first musical instrument they have ever owned.

A train of twenty-two cars has just arrived in Philadelphia with an invoice of twenty car-loads of tea and two of silk, only thirty-four days out from Yokohama, or twenty-three days on the Pacific, in one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers, and eleven days from San Francisco, via the Central and Union Pacific road to Omaha, and the Star line to this city.

THE LAZIEST QUOTATIONS from Constantine report Circassian girls lively and in request at from \$1,000 to \$4,000 for middling to choice; scalawags and Africans dull and drooping at \$400 to \$600 for ordinary.

The members of the anti-Masonic society recently organized in Iowa, are instructed "not to vote for, trade with, buy from, employ, or have any other business relations with Free-masons."

A despatch from Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, says that Judge Kingman had discharged the petit jury there, and fined them \$10 each for playing "seven up" in the jury room while deliberating on a case. Funny place, Wyoming.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Trials of a Witness.

As all people seem to come to you with their troubles and grievances, I hope you will not refuse to listen to my woes. And whether they are woes or not, I leave you to judge for yourself.

At the beginning of last week I made my first appearance in any court-room, in the character of a witness, in the case of Valentine vs. Orson; in which the point in dispute was the ownership of a tract of land in Wyoming Territory. I knew something in regard to the title of those lands, and was fully prepared to testify to the extent of my knowledge in the premises; but judge of my utter surprise and horror on being obliged to go through such an ordeal as the following extracts from my examination will indicate.

The counsel for the plaintiff commenced by asking me if I was a married man, and when I had answered that I was, he said:

"Is your wife a believer in the principles of the Woman's Rights party?"

I could not, for the life of me, see what this had to do with land in Wyoming, but I answered, that I was happy to say she was not.

The examination then proceeded as follows:

Q. You are happy, then, in your matrimonial relation? A. Yes—(and remembering the oath) reasonably so.

Q. Is your wife pretty? A. (Witness remembering at once his oath and his wife's presence in court.) She is pretty pretty.

Q. What are her defects? A. (Witness remembering only his wife's presence.) I have never been able to discover them.

Q. Do you wear flannel? A. Yes, in winter.

Q. Can you testify upon your oath, that you do not wear flannel in summer? A. I can.

Q. Now be careful in your answer. What do you wear in the spring and fall? A. I—I wear my common clothes.

Q. With flannel, or without flannel? A. Sometimes with, and sometimes without.

Q. No evasion; you must tell the Court exactly when you wear flannel, and when you do not.

A series of questions on this subject brought out the fact that I wore flannel when the weather was cold, or cool; and did not wear it when it was mild, or warm.

Q. Have you a lightning-rod on your house? A. I have.

Q. How much did it cost you to have it put up? A. It has not cost me anything yet—I owe forty.

Q. Is that all you owe for? A. No. I have other debts.

Q. Have you any money with you now? A. I have.

Q. How much? A. (Counting contents of purse-money.) Sixty-two cents.

Q. Where did you get that? A. (With embarrassment.) I borrowed it.

Q. Were you present when defendant first offered his land for sale to the plaintiff? A. (Brightening up.) I was.

Q. Do you burn gas or kerosene in your house? A. Gas.

Q. How many burners? A. Ten, I think.

Q. Are you willing to assert, upon your solemn oath that there are only ten? A. (Witness counting on his fingers.) I am.

Q. Do you wear studs or buttons on your shirt-fronts? A. Studs.

Q. Gold, or pearl? A. Mother-of-pearl, as a general thing, but sometimes I wear one gold one at the top.

Q. Were all your studs of mother-of-pearl, a the time when you first heard this transaction mentioned between the parties? A. They were.

Q. Do you ever wear your gold stud in the middle of your bosom? A. No, sir, I always wear it at the top.

Q. Do you ever wear it at the bottom? Can you swear it was not at the bottom on the day of the transaction referred to? A. I distinctly remember that I did not wear it at all that day.

Q. Did you wear it that night? A. No, sir.

Q. Can you swear that after you went to bed you did not wear it? A. I can.

Q. Have you ever been vaccinated? A. I have.

Q. On which arm? A. The left.

Q. At the time of the first mention of this land to the plaintiff, who were present? A. (Witness speaking with vivacity, as if he hoped they were now coming to the merits of the case.) The plaintiff, the defendant, and myself.

Q. Do you use the Old Dominion coffee-pot in your house? A. (Dejectedly.) No, sir.

Q. What kind of a coffee-pot do you use? A. A common tin one.

Q. You are willing to swear it is tin? A. I am.

Q. Has your wife any sisters? A. She has two; Anna and Jane.

Q. Are they married? A. They are.

Q. Are either of them as pretty as your wife? A. (Quickly.) No, sir.

Q. Have you any children? A. Two.

Q. Have they had the measles? A. They have.

Q. Has any other person in your house had the measles? A. I have had them, and my wife has had them.

Q. How do you know your wife has had them? A. She told me so.

Q. Then you did not see her have them? A. No, sir.

Q. We want no hearsay evidence here; when can you swear that she has had them, when you did not see her have them? A. She told me so, and I believed her.

Q. Did she take an oath that she had had them? A. No, sir.

Q. Then, sir, you are trifling with the Court. Do you understand the obligations of an oath? A. I do.

Q. Say, then, that you are not committed for perjury. Is you gas-meter ever frozen? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What do you use when the gas will not burn? A. Candles.

Q. How many to the pound? A. Nine.

Q. How do you know there are nine to the pound? A. They are sold as nine.

Q. Then you never weighed them yourself? A. No, sir.

Q. Come, to the Court. May it please your Honor, this is the second time that this witness has positively testified, under solemn oath, to important points of which he has no certain knowledge. I ask the Court for protection for myself and my client.

Here a long discussion took place between the lawyers and the Judge, and at the end of it the case was postponed for four months. I suppose it is expected that I will



NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BEAR.—"The bears of the new world seem to have a great similarity to those of the old world."—*Buffon*.

then re-ascend the witness-stand; but I have determined that when I enter a court-room again, I shall appear as a criminal. These fellows have much the easiest times, and they run so little risk, now-a-days, that their position is far preferable to that of the unfortunate witness.—*J. Badger*, in *Punchinello*.

THE LAST SURVIVOR.—Many years ago, in England, there was a band of freebooters, all quite young men. One of them abandoned it, reformed, studied law, and rose to the rank of judge. While sitting to try one of the band, whom he recognised, but not in the least thinking the prisoner would know him, and feeling some curiosity concerning them, he asked his old chum what had become of them. The prisoner, hearing a sigh, replied: "They are all hanged but one."

AN ANECDOTE FROM SALT LAKE.—A gipsy came to Brigham Young with a pony for sale.

"Why, the beast is half-starved," said Brigham, running his hand over the pony's side. "You can count his ribs."

"That's more'n a chap could do with yours," retorted the gipsy.

Brigham Young did not buy that pony. *Punchinello*.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—That irrepressible philosopher, Josh Billings, thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited: "John Rogers' revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-greasing, and self-righteous horse-rake is now and forever offered to a generous public. These rakes are as easy to keep in repair as aitching-post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad-cast in a ten-acre lot of wheat stubble. They can be used in winter for a hen-roost, or be sawed up into stovewood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral character should be without this rake, even if he has to steal one."

How It Was Done.

A man cannot well describe that which he has never seen nor heard; but the absolute words of one such scene did once come to the author's knowledge. The couple were by no means plebian, or below the proper standard of high bearing and high breeding; they were a handsome pair, living among educated people, sufficiently given to mental pursuits, and in every way what a pair of polite lovers ought to be. The all-important conversation passed in this wise. The site of the passionate scene was the sea-shore, on which they were walking in autumn.

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, Miss —, the long and the short of it is this: here I am: you can take me or leave me."

LADY.—Scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another. "Of course I know that's all nonsense."

GENTLEMAN.—"Nonsense! By Jove, it isn't nonsense at all. Come, Jane, here I am: come, at any rate you can say something."

LADY.—"Yes. I suppose I can say something."

GENTLEMAN.—"Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me?"

LADY.—"Very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on at the same time her engineering work on a wider scale. "Well, I don't exactly want to leave you."

Marrying a Princess.

If we remember rightly, the last occasion on which a Princess of England married one of her father's subjects was when Mary, the daughter of Henry VII., and the girl-widow of Louis XII. of France, made a runaway match of it with handsome Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The erring couple were, however, speedily forgiven by the bride's brother, then on the throne; and, at a grand tournament held to celebrate this reconciliation, the Duke appeared with his charger's housings half cloth of gold and half cloth of fife, embroidered with the following motto:

"Cloth of fife, be not bold,
Though thou art matched with cloth of gold;

Cloth of Gold, do not despise,
Though thou art matched with cloth of fife."

which apposite of the present union, might be rendered as—

"Lord of Lorne, be not slate,
Though a princess be thy mate;
Princess, do not look in scorn,
Though 't is thine to be fu'lorn."

"Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged, or not, but do not fail to do it."

Comed, to the Court. May it please your Honor, this is the second time that this witness has positively testified, under solemn oath, to important points of which he has no certain knowledge. I ask the Court for protection for myself and my client.

Here a long discussion took place between the lawyers and the Judge, and at the end of it the case was postponed for four months. I suppose it is expected that I will

on either side, the moment he feels the bit turning in his mouth.

III. Standing at the horse's left side, facing to the front, draw the right snaffle rein firmly over his neck close to the shoulder. Pull steadily until he bends his head around toward the right shoulder; then draw on the left curb rein gently, until he holds his face perpendicular, cease pulling, and unsnap the bit. Release the snaffle rein and draw his head back to the front. Move to the horse's right shoulder, and turn in the same manner to the left.

IV. Standing at the left side of the saddle, with the right hand upon it, holding the curb rein, pull steadily until the horse ceases resisting and holds his head perpendicular without turning on the rein.

V. The rider, being mounted, should hold the ends of the snaffle rein in his right hand at the height of the breast, lay his left hand across them over the horse's shoulder, and bear down with the left hand until the horse yields to the pressure, draws in his head and ceases to bear on the rein; then raise the left hand to release him.

VI. Draw steadily on the right rein of the snaffle until the horse's head is turned round, facing the rider's knee; then use left curb rein to bring the head to a perpendicular position, and when it is held lightly so, draw it back to the front. Perform the same movement to the left.

These six lessons may well occupy six weeks. There should be two lessons a day and no more, and it is better that each lesson should not exceed ten minutes, though the effort should never be given up without at least a slight progress being made. Be the time longer or shorter, nothing further should be attempted until the horse's head will take these positions on the slightest intimation of the rider's intention, so that it may be moved to the right or to the left, or brought in toward the chest by a movement of the little finger. When this is accomplished in a state of rest, teach the horse the same freedom while moving at a walk, and subsequently at a gentle trot. If he inclines, on feeling the pressure of the curb bit, to carry his head too low, pointing his nose toward his knees, it may be brought up to the proper position by extending the right hand to the front and raising up one rein only of the snaffle. The curb reins should always be held in the left hand.

Having taught this much thoroughly, teach the horse to move backward without stiffening his neck. In short, persevere until, under all circumstances and in performing whatever movements may be desired, the horse keeps his neck supple and refrains from pulling on the bit; and until his head can be moved about at pleasure, without frightening him or fretting him. Thus far our attention has been given to the horse; but he will never be able to follow our instructions, unless his rider has learned to ride with his seat and not with his hands and legs. If he clasp the horse's belly with his heels, and use the reins as handles to hang on by, he will confuse the best horse in the world; consequently he must get his instruction, without trying at the same time to keep the horse up to the mark. If he can practice his riding at first on another horse, it will be all the better; if not, he must use only the snaffle rein, and use that as little as possible. Riding at the beginning only at a walk, he should swing his legs and arms and move his head and body freely in all directions, while preserving an unchanging position of the thighs. When he feels perfectly at home in riding on a walk, he should go through the same exercises at a slow and finally at a fast trot, until as much at home in a moving saddle without stirrups as in a chair, and until he feels under no circumstances the slightest inclination to clutch either the reins or the horse's mane for a support, and can ride at a fast trot with the calves of his legs entirely away from the horse's sides.

He can now begin regular riding with the use of the curb rein, and the rest of the instruction for himself and his horse may be only incidental to his pleasure riding. This is much more to be learned about the art of horsemanship, but it would be tiresome here. Any one who has followed my brief instructions as to the foundation of his success, will be able to learn the rest of the art by following the foregoing paragraphs, will derive the idea of such a string of Frenchified nonsense being put into any article written for farmers, but for the large and growing class who are eager for everything that can be made use of to add to the attractiveness of the lives of their sons, and who are willing to encourage an intelligent enthusiasm for any healthful and innocent pastime that promises a relief from the monotony of farm life. There is no "fancy" in the system above hinted at. It is the invention of an accomplished master (Baucher), and is the almost sole dependence of the military and civil horsemen of France and Germany. I had more real enjoyment in training horses by it than in all other sports of my boyhood. It makes up for the want of companions. A good horse is a capital substitute for a human friend; and when the training is fairly under way, so that palpable results are attained, and the mutual instruction and mutual friendship between the rider and his horse add zest to the pleasure of riding. I fancy that any properly constituted young man is in the way of getting as much real pleasure. Farmers' boys want something to vary the eternal round of duty that makes them chafe so sorely. Let any doubting father give his boy a fair chance and encourage a passion for horsemanship. "Herbert's Hints for Horsekeepers" will tell him all he really needs to learn from books about riding, about saddles and bridles, and about Baucher's system of training.—American Agriculturist.

Potash from Wool.

One of the most interesting among recent scientific applications is the method of extracting potash from the yolk of wool fleeces, which from this source for some time past has been obtained in great purity. It is computed that if all the fleeces of all the sheep of France, estimated at 47,000,000, were subjected to the new treatment, France would derive from this source alone about 12,000 tons of commercial carbonate of potash, convertible into 17,500 tons of saltpetre, which would charge 1,870,000,000 carriages. So that the inoffensive sheep, the emblem of peace, can be made to supply the chief munition of war. The obvious lesson from these facts, to the sheep farmer, is to wash his fleeces at home in such a manner that the wash water is rich in potash, may be distributed upon the land as liquid manure.—American Agriculturist.

RECEIPTS.

STEWED MEAT.—Stewing is undoubtedly the most economical mode of cooking meat; by its use every part of the meat is retained, and nothing is lost or wasted. Joints, too tough or sinewy to be used in any other way, may be stewed with advantage. Stewing consists in subjecting meat for a considerable time to a very moderate heat in a small quantity of water. No good stew for an early dinner can be made the day it is wanted. The plan recommended is to cut the meat in pieces of the required size, rock them closely together, covering them with cold water, or, what is preferable, broth; place the stew-pot where it will gradually warm, and keep it for some hours at a heat considerably short of boiling. The albumen in this dissolves, and the fibers so far softened and separated, that the tough parts become tender and digestible. The stew should be put away in an open vessel until next day, when the fat should be removed from the top, and vegetables and seasonings added.

To CLEAN A GOLD CHAIN.—Put it in a

small glass bottle, with warm soap-and-a-little-prepared-chalk; shake it well, rinse it

in clear, cold water, and wipe on a towel.

THE RIDERLESS.

Miscellaneous Enigmas.

I am composed of 5